In their gold-broidered vest, it is known as a fact, That they act with much tact. And they lisp "How d'ye do? And they loo and they woo, and they mile for a while, Their fair guests to beguile; Condescending and bending, For fear of offending.

And they whisk and they whiz, And are brisk at the quiz.

Stiding and gliding with mute pace, Pirouetting and setting with infinite grace, And racing, And chasing And pacing, And lacing.

They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay Yawning all morning, and lounging all day.

But when he grows old, And his sunshine is past, Three score years being told, Brings repentance at last.

He then becomes an old man; His warmest triend, the frying pan; He's fidgety, frettul and weary; in fine, Loves nothing but self, and his dinner and wine

Despused by the men, and the women he hates.

And cosing,

And boring, And boring, And roaring.

Whenever he falls in with a rabble, His delight is to vapor and gabble;

He's gruffy, And puffy, He sits in his slippers with back to the door :

And grumbling And mumbling And stumbling And tumbling,

Uncheery, And dreary, And weary,

And groaning and mouning, His solfishness owning; Grieving and heaving, Though naught is his leaving But perf and ill-health, Himself and his wealth.

He sends for a doctor, to cure or to kill, Who gives him advice, and offense and a pill; Who drops him advice about making his will. As frestful antiquity cannot be mended, The miserable life of a bachelor's ended. obody misses him, nobody sighs, obody grieves when the bachelor dies.

#### THE LOST CHILD AND THE CROWS.

"If you please sir, don't shoot those crows. The gun dropped from my shoulder

and I turned angrily toward the intruder who had so startled me as well as spoiled my shot.
"Don't shoot the crows?" replied L "Why not, pray? They're destructive

fellows; they pull up the corn and kill the young grouse, besides making such an infernal noise that one can scarcely "Well sir, I'd rather you wouldn't

shoot them on my farm.'

The speaker was a gentleman; I saw this at a glance. He appeared to be be-tween forty-five and fifty years of age, although his dark gray hair and beard gave a somewhat older expression to his face, which bore all the marks that some great sorrow had left, for it was furrowed

deep.

Regarding him attentively for moment, I said:

"I supposed every farmer was glad to have such troublesome neighbors made way with, especially at this time of the year, just as the young corn is beginning to send forth its shoots." "The crows are welcome, sir, to al

the corn they want on my farm. I've lived on this place more than six years, and should be very sorry to think that one had been killed during that time."

"It's a very singular fancy you seem to have—this penchant for crows; there must be some reason for it. I certainly

never heard of such a thing before."

"There is a reason," said the gentleman, examining my face closely, as he
paused for a moment; then, as if satispaused for a moment; then, as it satisfied with the scrutiny, he resumed, "aid if you care to hear it, and will walk over to the house and take a cup of tea with us, I'il tell you the story," adding apologetically, "we sometimes get lonesome out here on the prairies, and are glad to

see a gentleman's face."

As the invitation had been proffered in the spirit of genuine Western hospitality, I accepted it as frankly as it had been given, and climbing over the fence that had a parated us, started to accom-

pany the farmer to the house.

The conversation had taken place in a newly-planted corn-field. I had been hunting all day without success. Chilled with the cold and weary and vexed at my ill-luck, I was returning toward the farm house where I was stopping, when I no ticed a large flock of crows busily engaged in tearing up the just sprouting even in a field some distance from the road. Determined not to return empty-handed and thinking to do the owner of the field a fever as well as to test the truth of the old arion, that "crows can smell gun-powder," I had crept quietly up until within gun range, and was about to give the contents of both barrels of my "Jo Manton," when I was intercupted as the forfeit. At last she seemed to read above narrated.

A short walk brought us to the house which proved to be a comfortable—in fact, for Western Iowa, an elegant—cottage, romantically situated upon the banks of a miniature lake. As we were walking toward it, I handed my com-panion my card, which he received with a bow, informing me that his name was Millmore, and that he was pleased to

greet me. As we approached the house, I could but note the neat and comfortable ap-pearance of the buildings, as well as the good judgment that had been displayed in their location, and the admirable taste shown in the general plan of a half-fin-

ished flower garden that occupied a portion of the lawn between the hone and the beautiful little lake. But, if surprised by the order and neatness everywhere visible upon the outside, I was no longer so when I was presented to the presiding genius, the mistress of the establishment; for I was hardly prepared to find in a Western farm house so much refinement and exquisite taste as was displayed in the tout ensemble of the charming home.

The lady herself was about forty years of age; not beautiful, but interesting, a connoisseur of female beauty would have decided, with a face still fresh and fair, though, like the husband's, it wore an expression that so far excited my curiosity that, at the first glance, I became painfully conscious of a desire to learn the history of this couple that had so heroically relinquished the luxuries and refinements of the east for the hard and laborious duties of a frontier life. Mrs. refinements of the east for the hard and laborious duties of a frontier life. Mrs. Milmore bade me welcome to her fire-side with an ease and grace that only served to confirm my first impressions of her education and culture.

her education and culture.

After an exquisite supper, daintily served, mine host invited me into the library, remarking that I might make myself comfortable, for I must remain his guest for the night, at the same time wheeling one of the large Turkish easy chairs before the blazing hickory fire. He then produced a couple of fragrant Havanas, and lighting one I prepared to hear my host's singular desire to protect these ill-omened birds, the crows.

It is that story, told as nearly as I can recall it after all these years, in his own words, that I propose to relate to you.

I was born in Oneida county, New York, and was intended by my father for

York, and was intended by my father for a lawyer; but, after delving a year in the office of an eminent practitioner of that county, I became dissatisfied, renounced the idea of acquiring a profession, and went to the city of New York, where I entered the mercantile house of Smith & Talbot—then, as now, one of the wealthiest firms in the importing line in that city. But promotion in the counting room comes slow; particularly so while one has but little capital to advance his interests.

While in the employ of this house, met for the first time a niece of one of the members of the firm—my wife; and when, two years later, my father died and left me a small competency, I took it and entered into business for myself, and, within a year, married. From the date of our marriage, 1..., life was a blessed one indeed; nothing seemed to disturb the even tenor of our lives, for we drifted along in the current, forgetful of all else save our own happiness, and, I now fear, selfishly, heedless of the cares and troubles of others.

After five years of unalloyed happiness my wife became the mother of a beautiful boy; and it seemed as though I had nothing more to desire, no greater boon to ask for. Then came the finan-cial crisis of '57, that caused such widespread disaster and van among the mer-cantile community, and for a time it seemed impossible that my house would be able to withstand the crash that swept like a whirlwind through the country; but I finally weathered the storm, and by good management came through it stronger than ever.

Shortly after this our child was taken sick, and it seemed for months as though we should lose him. He partially recovered, though my physician, after many mysterious hints that I can understand now, told me that if I wanted to

To my great joy, she saw the necessity, and at once consented to leave Few York, our friends, acquaintances, culture, ease, and luxury, for the discomforts of a pio-

In closing my business in the city an opportunity occurred which enabled me to secure what was termed a fine tract of wild western land, and to it we came. I built this house and surrounded our nome with such comforts as we could procure, for here we determined to remain and rear our child, who was fast

growing to be a noble boy.

When Benny was four years old, he was a child that any parent might have been proud of; and when we saw his ruddy cheeks and the perfect picture of health that he appeared, his mother and myself both felt that no sacrifice we had made for him was too great. He was the apple of our eyes, sir, the breath of our life, and had grown to be the idol of our home—our household god, to the exclusion of all things else.

Three years ago this fall, when Benny was almost five years old, one dark No-vember day I was in the field where I had a couple of men at work, and, late in the afternoon, I chanced to look up, and saw the little fellow, accompanied by his pet rabbit, coming toward me from the house.

I went to meet him, and taking him in

my arms, told him that it was too cold him out there, and to run back to mother. I was busy at the time, and thought no more of the matter until just before dusk, when I returned to the house, and my wife met me at the door

with the inquiry : "Where's Benny !" Before the question had left her lips,
I felt a chill go over me like an ague fit;
cold hands seemed to clutch my heart,
cold lips to whisper in my ear, "Benny's
dead." I turned toward my wife and saw that as she looked into my face hers grew ashy pale, while she waited for my answer. My tongue fairly cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and I could not have answered a word had my life paid my thoughts; for, seizing my arm with a grasp that I can feel to this day, she gave such a wail of anguish as never mortal ear listened to before, and fell to the floor insensible.

I can't tell you why I thought so, but, from the moment my wife asked for the child I had a presentment that Benny was dead. It flashed upon me like lightning, nor could I get rid of it, though it weighed me down like an

We were alone in the house at the time, and I picked her up from the floor and carried her to the room there, and laid her upon the bed. Then I sum-moned assistance, and went out of doors

to find that it had grown bitter cold, as well as very dark. I instantly dispatched my men to rouse the neighbors, and then returned to the house to endeavor to console my poor wife. As I entered the door, the sound of my steps appeared to rouse her to consciousness, for she sprang toward me, and, throwing her arms about my neck and looking pleadingly into my face, cried:

"You will bring me back my darling boy, won't you, Paul?"

I promised her I would, and she bestowed upon me a hundred kisses, murmuring all the time:

"Thank God! he's safe then; thank God! he's safe then."

God! he's safe then."

Perhaps you can imagine, in some degree, my feelings. No person ever experienced such as I did when I realized what I had promised, for I knew that the boy was dead as well as I know it now; and all the while she lay at my feet, moaning like some dumb creature in pain, and I trying to console her with assurances that I knew in my heart were false! But what else could I do?

When the neighbors came in, they carried her to her room, while I went out to search for our child. In less than an hour all the settlers within five miles were hunting, with torches and lanterns, God! he's safe then."

were hunting, with torches and lanterns, over the prairie for the boy. As for me, where I went or what I did I have never known, for I had one thought constant-ly in my mind—that our boy was dead, and I had promised to bring him back to his mother alive.

Well, sir, we searched all night, not-withstanding the fact that about 3 o'clock the next morning the snow began to fall. I never saw it snow faster, for by daylight the ground was covered more than five inches deep, and we had not found the child. We kept up the search, and before noon mere than fifty persons were engaged in it; but we found no trace of him, and at last it was reluctantly given up. Then I knew that I must return to my home alone and tell my wife the

What passed after I reached the house I do not know, for the next two days are but a hideous dream. I only remem-bered that my wife met me at the door and said to me, "If you had only told me the worst, I would have tried to be strong for your sake, my dear husband," and then—well, sir, I knew nothing more for forty-eight hours. When I awoke to consciousness, rose from the bed, partially dressed myself, and went out and stood bareheaded beneath the leaden-gray November sky; and when I felt the wintry wind and saw the ground white with snow, and realized that it was the winding sneet of our darling boy, I felt that I could almost follow the advice

of Job's wife, "Curse God and die."

Standing in the yard I noticed that a large flock of crows had gathered in the field yonder, nearly half a mile from the house. I watched them for some time without seeming to heed them. I saw them flying swiftly athwart the heavens, jostling each other in their haste; then, when they appeare ! to have reached one particular spot, they would soar high in the air for an instant and swoop down, almost touching the ground, to rise once more, mounting higher and higher in a circle until, flying over my head, they would again dart back to the field, all the time uttering their barsh cries which seemed to bid me "Search."

was, and so weak that I could hardly stand.

stand now, told me that if I wanted to see him grow to years of maturity, I must leave New York and find a home upon some western farm.

I can't tell you, sir, how I dreaded to inform my wife what the physician had said; it seemed a terrible sacrifice to ask her to make; and it was only after months of hesitation that I ventured. said; it seemed a terrible sacrince to asset her to make; and it was only after months of hesitation that I ventured, ling boy's yet, nearly dead from hunger and cold. The instant I saw it I knew and cold. The instant I saw it I knew and cold. The instant I saw it I knew that I had found our boy—that Benny was there. I lifted the hulf-frozen creature carefully to one side and, kneeling, quietly removed the cold snow from the body of our darling. I remember taking him in my arms and kissing his cold lips; but how I reached the house I can't tell; I only know that I laid him in his mother's lap, and that she looked up in my face with a sweet smile and said: "I have been waiting so long for you to bring dear Benry so long for you to bring dear Benry back to me, Panl."

When I again returned to consciousness, Benny had been buried two weeks, and I was told that the physician said he had undoubtedly dropped dead from aneurism of the heart. Had it not been for those crows, sir, his little body would have lain upon the cold ground, unburied, until spring.

have lain upon the cold ground, un-buried, until spring.

Now, sir, you know why I didn't want the crows shot. I don't often speak of this, our great sorrow; but I feel that an apology was due you for the uncere-monious manner in which I interrupted your shot, and perhaps there was some-thing in your face that told me that you would understand the motive that prompted me in spoiling your anticiprompted me in spoiling your anticipated sport. And now, with your permission, we will return to the other room. My wife will be glad to talk with you, for it is not often that we see gentlemen from the East so far west as

this.

I thanked my host for his story, and assured him that ever after I would respect crows for his sake; nor have I killed one since.

We returned to the sitting-room, and I spent a delightful evening in conversation with my charming hostess and her husband; and the next morning, after partaking of a delicious breakfast, I bade my new friends good-by, and returned to my boarding-house, quite satisfied to go back empty-handed. I have often, since that time, had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Milmore and his wife at their charming Iowa home; but the subject of crows we have never mensubject of crows we have never men-tioned since my first introduction.

To Remove Ink Stains

Ink stains may be readily removed from white articles by means of a little salt of lemons, diluted muriatic acid, oxalic acid, or tartaric acid, and hot was oxalic acid, or tartaric acid, and hot wa-ter, or by means of a little solution of chlorine or chloride of lime. When the stain is caused by ink manufactured with logwood, a red mark remains, which may be removed by the applica-tion of a little chloride of lime. All strong acids and alkalies tend to injure the fabric; therefore, immediately the stains are removed, the spots should be well rinsed, and repeatedly, in cold

#### A NEVADA EXPERIENCE.

The Pain a Man buffered from an Amputated Foot, and how he was Belleved.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise of the 2d inst. prints this story: "We learn some curious circumstances connected with the amputation of the leg of William Solon, an account of the serious accident to whom on the Virginia and Truckee railroad was published in the Enterprise a few days since. The bones of his foot and ankle were so badly crushed that it was found necessary to amputate the leg at a point a few inches below the knee. The operation was performed by Drs. S. A. McMeans and E. B. Harris, of this city. After the operation, Dr. McMeans took the foot, with a few inches of the leg attached, to his office, for the purpose of dissecting it and ascertaining the exact dissecting it and ascertaining the exact nature of the fractures. The doctor dissected the foot, and was engaged in opening the ankle, when a boy arrived at his office and said that he came for the foot—that Mr. Solon wanted it. The doctor hastily rolled the foot in a piece of cloth and gave it to the boy, who carried it to Mr. Solon's room, and, by his directions, placed it in the drawer of a bureau that stood at the foot of his or a bureau that stood at the foot of his bed. It was not long before Mr. Solon became very uneasy, and finally suffered so much pain that all the opiates the attendants dared to give him did no good. Thinking something was wrong at the point where the leg had been cut-off, Mr. Solon's friends sent for Dr. Harris, Mr. Solon's friends sent for Dr. Harris. When the doctor arrived he examined the stump and found it in perfect order. He told Solon that the leg was in as good shape as it could possibly be made, and he could see no reason for its giving him so much pain. Mr. Solon then entered into a more particular account of his sufferings. He said that the feeling was as though his toes were doubled under his feet and he was standing with his whole weight on that foot; also, that there seemed to be a knife sticking in there seemed to be a knile sticking in his leg, the pain from which was very severe. Dr. Harris then asked where the foot was, though he probably knew that Dr. McMeans had taken it. He was told that Mr. Solon had taken a notion to have it, and that it had been brought from the office of Dr. McMeans and placed in the bureau drawer. Dr. Harris went to the drawer, and, unrolling the cloth, found that the toes were doubled back under the foot, and further found sticking in the skin of the calf of the leg a tenaculum, which is an instrument ir the shape of a hook, with a fine, sharp point, used in taking up arteries. In hastily wrapping up the foot to send it back Dr. McMeans had foot to send it back Dr. McMeans had forgotten to remove this hook, which he had been using in holding back the skin while dissecting the crushed ankle. Dr. Harris removed the instrument and placed the foot in an easy and natural position, when Mr. Solon declared that he was free from pain and felt quite easy; indeed, he fell asleep in a few minutes, and slept well and soundly. Dr. Harris says that he has heard of similar cases, but this is the first thing of the kind that he has ever met with in his practice. Neither Dr. Harris nor Dr. McMeans is of the opinion that it may be owing to the two parts of the limb being connected for a time by some subtle fluid, someled for a time does to the Woman's Journal! A Young wong in the dog's bowl, and the dog's

# The Atlantic Cable Beaten.

These events are said to have occurred between 1750 and 1760. There lived at that time near Philadelphia, lonely and retired, a benevolent and pious man, who was suspected of having some occult power of disclosing hidden events. A sea captain had been long absent, and no letter had been received from him. His wife, who lived near this man, and who had become alarmed and anxious, was advised to consult him. Having heard her story, he bade her wait a little, and he would bring her an answer. Thereupon he went into another room, shutting the door, and there he stayed so long that, moved by curiosity, she looked through an aperture in the door to ascertain what he was about. Seeing him lying motion-less on the sofa, she quickly retired to her place. Soon he came out, and told the woman that her husband was at that time in London, in a certain coffeehouse, which he named, and that he would soon return. He also stated the reasons why his return had been de-layed, and why he had not written to her; and she went home somewhat re-assured. When her husband did return, they found, on comparing notes, that everything she had been told was strictly true. But the strangest part of the story remains. When she took her husband to see the seer, he started back in surprise, and afterward told his wife that on a certain day (the same on which she had consulted the seer) he was in a coffee-house in London (the same that had been named to her), and that this very man had accosted him, and had told him that his wife was in great anxiety about; that then the sea captain had replied, informing the stranger why his return had been delayed, and why he had not written, whereupon the man turned away, and he lost sight of him in the crowd

# Renovating Cairo.

Mr. John M. Francis, in a letter dated at Cairo, gives an account of what the present Khedive is deing for that city:

"Ismail Pasha is revolutionizing and thoroughly renovating Cairo, after the fashion of Napoleon's work in Paris.
Fine avenues have been out through the city in all directions; districts have been leveled to uniform grades, the old edi-fices with the walls of still more ancient buildings being removed for that pur-pose; beautiful public gardens have been established, and what is now a very charming section of the city has been filled in and rescued from the Nile, adding about one mile's width to the city, ing about one mile's width to the city, which is now practically extended to the banks of the river. There are at least twenty to thirty public fountains, surrounded by ornamental fencing in circular form, the grounds set off in pretty bits of lawn with edgings of flowers. Many of these fountains exhibit fine art work, and the streams and jets of water produce a very pleasing effect. There are, besides, drinking fountains in every quarter of the city, numbering, probquarter of the city, numbering, prob- Letter.

ably, not less than 250. Some of these are covered with costly marble structures, with a niche on one side for the delivery of the water,"

An lows Mastodon.

An lows Mastoden.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press has the following description of a mastodon recently secured for the museum of the Normal School at Winons, Minn.:

"The bones were discovered about a year and a half ago near Wilton Junction, on the line of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, twenty-five miles west of Davenport, Iowa, and three-quarters of a mile from the junction. Sixty-seven bones have thus far been unearthed within a space of about thirty by thirty-five feet. The place consists entirely of drifted sand. From appearances it may be readily inferred that the depressed locality was once a part of the bed of a brisk river, which flowed through the place subsequent to flowed through the place subsequent to the glacial epoch. As the animal lay buried in the fine sillicious drift, the relative positions of the heavier and lighter parts were such as would have naturally resulted had the dead body been crushed between masses of floating ice, and afterward been released before going to pieces. The bones are in a remarkable state of preservation, some of them when struck, ringing like ivory. The exclusive right to excavate for the The exclusive right to excavate for the remainder is retained by the purchaser. Some idea may be formed of the enormous creature by the size of several of the principal bones. The femur, or thigh bone, is 37 inches long, and the same around its lower extremity, the middle of the shaft being 16 inches. The articulating surface of the lower condyles is 12 inches across. The tibia is 32 inches long, 33 around the upper end, 19 around the shaft, and 12 across the upper surface, where the condyles of the upper surface, where the condyles of the femur rest. The sacrum is 19 inches long, 12 wide on the under surface, and 32 inches in circumference. Some of the ribs are 4 feet long, and from 8 to 10 the ribs are 4 feet long, and from 8 to 10 inches in circumference. The wide-spreading scapula, or shoulder-blade, is 42 by 36 inches, and nearly 16 inches in thickness at the thickest part. The glenoid cavity, in which the head of the humerus rests, forming the shoulder joint, is 11 rests, forming the shoulder joint, is 11 inches across. The Wilton mastodon is inches across. cavity, in which the near crests, forming the shoulder joint, is 11 inches across. The Wilton mastodon is the only specimen of its kind in this State, and we are greatly surprised that Iowa should ever have allowed it to leave its borders."

"What is the reason, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "that we who have understandings equal to the wisest and greatest of the other sex so often make choice of the silliest fellows for companions and favorites?" Possibly (adds

mother, fixed her residence in the dog's kennel, and never seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young rate and carry them to him bleased when here are seemed by the seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young rate and carry them to him bleased when here are seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young rate and carry them to him bleased when here are seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young the lady students are seemed happy when a seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young the lady students are seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young the lady students are seemed happy when a seemed happy whe is a thing about which nothing is now known, each reader is at liberty to provide his own explanation."

The Atlantic Cable Besten.

The Atlantic Cable Besten.

The Atlantic Cable Besten. proud of his charge. The poor cat came to an untimely end eighteen months ago, but the only surviving kitten of the five named above is as fond of the dog as her mother was. She brings mice, young rate, and rabbits, and lays them down before Cato, and looks beseechingly till he takes them. She constantly plays with him, and gets on her hind legs to look fondly into his face, while he puts his paws around her as he used to do to her mother. She must have inherited this affection from her mother, as she was too young to have imitated her mother's actions at the time of her death.-Nature.

# The Sun's Atmosphere.

That the sun has an atmosphere as well as a photosphere has long been known, and that the surface is less bright at the edges than in the center has been taken as a proof that the at-mosphere is an absorbing atmosphere. Calculations on the amount of absorpmosphere is an absorbing atmosphere.
Calculations on the amount of absorption and its effect on our earth were made by Laplace and other astronomers, and of late years the spectrum has been used in investigating the question.
Mr. Langley, of the Allegheny Observatory, has just published the result of his steady observation of the phenomena, and he states that the sun's atmosphere is a thin stratum, which cuts off one-half of the heat which otherwise would reach us. Any diminution or increase in the absorption would affect us to an important extent. For example, if there were an important extent. For example, if there were an important extent. sorption would affect us to an important extent. For example, if there were an increase of twenty-five per cent. only, it would lower the mean surface temperature of our globe by 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The existence of living things on the earth thus appears to be dependent on the steadiness of the sun's atmosphere. Let it become thicker or thinger, and we must be frozen to death atmosphere. Let it become thicker or thinner, and we must be frozen to death or scorched to death. We know what arctic temperature is, and geologists as well as physicists are agreed that our earth has passed through at least one glacial epoch, and may we not assume that the sun's atmosphere has been the agent by which fluctuations of temper-ature were brought about in the past, and that similar fluctuations may await and that similar fluctuations may await us in some far remote future?

# A S v re Blow.

He (Thurman) sports a red bandanna handkerchief, and blows the loudest nose in America. It is said that on one occasion Senator Jones, of Nevada, who early in life had been a brakeman on a railroad, dropped to sleep at his desk. Senator Thurman solmenly waved his red bandanna and gave his nose a terrific snort. The sleeping senstor sprang to his feet, and seizing his desk, commenced twisting it with all his might. He afterwards explained that he thought Thurman's blow was an engine whistling "down brakes," and the red handker-chief a signal of distress; hence his wrenching of the desk.— Washington

THE TAKEN THE THE

here is a land of every land the pride, sloved by heaven o'er all the world be there brighter sum dispense serener li-nd milder moons emparadise the night land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth, ime-tutored age, and love-exalted yout

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TAKE something of your size. Would you strike a match?

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water. A JURY in a suicide case lately found the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

How Din the busy Mrs. B.'s Improve the shining hours, And widow's filtes accruic unto What might be called left Bowers.

A YOUNG woman in Hoboken threw snuff into her lover's eyes because he wouldn't stay till 3 o'clock in the morning when he came to spark her. He didn't feel sleepy after he got the snuff.

A BROOKLINE gentleman was directing an Euglish gardener to put his hedge in order. His reply was: "Ah yes; you gest want me to cut the hedge of the 'edge." MOLIERE was asked the reason why,

in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at 14 years of age, and cannot marry before 18. "It is," answered Moliere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

So strongly did I become impressed with this idea, that I started toward the place, bareheaded and half clothed as I which remains to be discovered. As it they lay for some time. The mother bailed a witness, hammered a judge, and

> Some of our police officers are bright specimens. One of them recently brought in a woman charged with the heinous offense of "sitting down in the first ward." The Court—Was this in America? Officer (surprised)—It was, your Honor. The Court—Daring the present century? Officer (amazed)— Yes, your honor. The Court—That's all; you can step down. The officer does so, gazing on the justice as if fascinated, and at last removing his eyes from him with a sigh and a significant pantomime, first tapping his head, and then shaking it mournfully.

> . The other day a little boy about four years old was drawing his sled up and down in front of his mother's house on Fifth street, when the old lady came to the door and called out: "Come in here, boy." "Wait awhile," he an-swered. "You walk right in here!" 'she continued. "First you know somebody will abduct you, and first I know some one will want \$10,000 reward to

matter—are you sick?" "No—I'm mad!" "Heard bad news?" "No; the news is good enough, but there's my boy Henry." "Yes." "I got all ready to whip him this morning, and two ladies called. After they had gone I got off his coat again when the gas meter man came in and I had to stop and have a jaw. Before I got held of Henry again his father came home and told me not to whip him at all! You don't know how annoyed I feel!"—Free Press.

Gath's Estimate of Beiknap.

Belknap seemed to be a man of honor, though he was always a voluptuous, vealy sort of a man, who lesped from deep melancholy to matrimony, and had a self-loving, Fiemish nature. He was of rich tints of floridness, in warm hair and beard, and blue eyes, and could cry, or swear, or laugh easily, and was disposed to teil broad anecdotes and listen to them officially. He drauk and ate very much, and often in his office yawned and stretched and postponed official very much, and often in his office yawned and stretched and postponed official duty, even to the writing of his reports, until inexorable necessity drove him to his chief clerk, when the report would come out half digested, tossed together, and I do not think that any of his work ever attracted attention. He had little or no professional pride, and, like all discoveries, thought every new duty would take care of itself. He had done nothing to become so celebrated, and respected the means of his promotion. They invited him to address the Princeton Alumni and his army society, and ton Alumni and his army society, and he did it in a strain of weak rhetoric, although he could write well when he tried. He never did try. Food and drink and ladies were his ambition.— Letter from Gath,